

# THE WORLD

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WEDNESDAY EVENING, APRIL 11.  
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THE CIRCULATION OF THE EVENING EDITION OF THE WORLD for the week ending Saturday, April 7, was as follows:

MONDAY.....	100,240
TUESDAY.....	103,320
WEDNESDAY.....	108,040
THURSDAY.....	100,280
FRIDAY.....	104,420
SATURDAY.....	106,740
Average for the entire Month of March.....	106,291

THE EVENING WORLD is a newspaper in every sense of the word. It is published quicker and gives later news than any other evening paper.

It has a larger circulation than any Evening paper printed in English and is not afraid to publish its figures or open its books to the public.

A NEW "WORLD" BUILDING.

Negotiations began a year ago by the owner of THE WORLD for the purchase of French's Hotel property, on Park row, were completed yesterday, and on that spacious site will be erected a new WORLD Building, the finest newspaper edifice in America, an ornament to the city, a notable addition to its real-estate valuation and a suitable home for the leading journal of the country.

This enterprise has been rendered necessary by the unprecedented and continuous increase in the circulation and advertising of the paper, and by the multiplication of its editions, which now include a Morning and Evening World and Brooklyn, New Jersey and Harlem issues. The present large building, though now used exclusively by THE WORLD, is crowded in every part, and new quarters must be provided.

The site purchased, at a cost of \$630,000, has a frontage of 115 feet on Park row and a depth of 136 feet on Frankfort street. It adjoins the entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge, and fronts the City Hall Park. A movement to sequester the land for the use of the city or to furnish room for unnecessary and extravagant "terminal facilities" to the Bridge—and forty other things besides—was set on foot through a combination of private land speculators and the envy and malice of the New York Sun. But the idea of adding \$6,000,000 to the debt of the Bridge, in order to prevent THE WORLD from erecting its building there, or of improving private property at public expense, naturally did not commend itself either to the Bridge Trustees or to representative taxpayers. Ample terminal facilities can be provided without any such cost or sacrifice.

Work upon the new WORLD Building will begin as soon as the necessary preparations can be made.

## A HELPING HAND.

The rich ought always to have a "helping hand" for the poor. And the best help is that which helps people to help themselves.

The "Helping Hand Mission" does this by teaching poor girls to sew and to do other necessary and useful work. It remembers, also, the hard lot of the poor, and occasionally provides entertainments for them, like the concert given in the rooms on Stanton street last night.

There is call and room for a hundred such Missions in New York. It is a pity that fashion's "fads" do not often take this direction.

Congressman H. Cabot Lodge must have looked sweetly pretty, in his riding-habit of corduroy and velvet, as he came in a winner in the fearful "paper hunt" at Washington. How could that horrid Sergeant-at-Arms have menaced him with arrest for "playing hooky" just as he was about to secure the reward of his prowess—a dear little pin—from the Queen of Beauty? The war taxes are still on.

If there is a wrong way of doing a right thing Mayor Hewitt may be relied on to find it. His position on the flag question is sound, but why need he prod the Irish about the number of offices they held? Don't the same people elect them who elected him? And why parade the number of unfortunates of Irish birth in our public institutions? Should their misfortune be made a fault of their countrymen?

The Court of Appeals has confirmed the conviction of O'Neil, the bootie Alderman, and Dr. Leos, the infamous trafficker in innocence, who was exposed and brought to justice by THE WORLD. Let it be recorded that the highest Court does not always devote itself to trying to show how much more it knows about the law than do the Judges of the inferior courts.

The improvement in Mr. CONKLING's condition warrants the hope that the stalwart statesman will come out victorious from his splendid fight with disease. His hosts of friends and admirers could not be reconciled to a death that would seem premature in his case at any time for twenty years yet.

Mr. BLAINE's home physician rushes into print to say that "a recent statement is in

"good physical condition." Glad to know it. Mr. BLAINE is a charming man, and it is pleasant to hear that he will be able to enjoy the peace and contentment of private life for many years to come.

True enough, what gain would there be in exchanging Boodler Kera for Boodler KERNAN? The latter is punished by his exile. The former might escape conviction, and then both of them would be free.

If the Burlington strikers "grow desperate" it will be pretty good evidence that they have lost. Nothing is gained in this country by violence.

## SOME FAMILIAR FACES.

W. A. Neeson, the Broadway merchant, is getting stout.  
George Porter, of the Produce Exchange, is back from Philadelphia.  
William Dart, a downtown banker, tells many good stories of his college life at Dartmouth.  
The familiar figure of Edward Seide, property man at Wallack's is often seen on upper Broadway.  
John Chaffield, of the firm of Cunningham & Chaffield, the Brighton Beach Hotel managers, is in town for a few days.

## TENTH DISTRICT WIGWAGITES.

Wm. K. Fay supports a Bowers cigarette factory.  
Charles Stecker is the youngest Tammany Hall district leader.  
The silent man of the district is Dick Nagelmith. He never talks.  
Civil Justice Alfred Stecker is the father of a sixteen-month-old boy.  
Thomas H. Casey, of the Surrogate's Office, has become stuck on will cases.  
Julius Harburger is a member of seventy-two lodges, associations and clubs.  
Three cheers for Dan Jacobs. Hip, hip, hip. He no longer believes in Socialism.  
"Here is the Alderman of the Bowers." "Who is he?" "Why, Tom Madden."  
Harry Jacobs is away up in science. He is trying to solve the Keely motor mystery.  
Joseph F. Blackgrove is a delay swell when he does his own Grand Army uniform.  
"He has a fine combination in his name."  
"Who has?" "Mike Schlesinger."

Dan Cohen is a lucky fellow. He did not lose his riddle in the Union Square Theatre fire.

John N. Bogart, better known as "the learned printer," is now a stalwart Wigwagite.

John Graham should wear a wig if he wishes to be taken for his distinguished namesake.

Whenever Capt. Cusick, of Engine 21, is off duty he drops in to see the Wigwag boys.

Ex-Judge John A. Dinkel says that Billy Mitchell is not the handsomest man in the Tenth Ward.

David Lion, with the "L" not "Y," is very particular about having his name spelled correctly.

Ex-Alderman Peter Kehr, the retired clock manufacturer, is enjoying the fruits of his early labors.

Here is a rumor that Hugh Cummings intends to spend this summer among the goats of Morrisania.

Thomas H. Flanagan is noted for his patent-applied-for smile. He is a samilar from Smilerville.

Assemblyman George Francis Roese is an opponent of Partisanism, proscriptive and radical exiles laws.

Wm. H. Kennedy, President of the George B. McEllan Association, is the champion diamond-roast fender.

"Stick to their wire, and you will never use a shoe-bout to put on your hat," says Ferdinand Kay.

Who is talking about Coke and Blackstone? Why, John F. Ward, who can give Oscar Bogart points.

Henry Fleishelmer is one of the vineyard barons of California, yet he votes in the Tenth District.

Richard Berger, one of the most promising of New York's young architects, is quiet and unassuming.

Did you ever hear a yarn about a big battle? If not, hear Charles Stafford tell of the Peninsula campaign.

Bernard Newberger is always true to his colors on election day and his election district can be depended upon.

Here is Mr. Joseph Groener, Superintendent of the Metropolitan Insurance Company. He is also a Tammanyite.

Joseph Steiner has the reputation of being the wit of the district. He steals his humor from Western papers.

The ghost of Irving Hall no longer haunts the Tenth District. Louis Scholamp has delivered its bones to Charles Stecker.

Louis Hanemann is a member of the Twenty-second Regiment. He would rather attend a drill than to play pinocle.

John Zahn is a spotter on the Forty-second and Fourteenth street cross-town line. But he is a good fellow for all that.

David Hirsch is "just too sweet for anything." So say all the young ladies who attend the receptions of the Hirsch Association.

Moses American is as patriotic as his name signifies. The Star Spangled Banner and "Sweet Violets" are his favorite songs.

Alexander Bremer is the popular President of the Musical Protective Union. Rex is the name of Mr. Bremer's favorite St. Bernard.

## WORLDLINGS.

The fastest typesetter in California is said to be a young woman who is employed in a newspaper office at Santa Barbara.

The largest tree in the country east of California is a gnarled old sycamore that stands in Upper Sandusky, in Ohio. It is forty feet in circumference.

A young country girl living near Atlanta, Mich., fainted from fright the other day at the sight of an express train that came thundering by the station. She had never seen a locomotive before.

Joseph Mandayaw Shawgoet, an Indian who died at Atlanta, Mich., a few days ago, was the last survivor of the Notawassipi Potawatomi, who gathered at Fort Dearborn, near Chicago, in 1833, to sign the Indian treaty of that date.

A theatrical company that arrived at Chautauque, Kas., on the way to fill an engagement at Erie, Pa., found it impossible to get a train to that place because of the strike, secured a number of hand-cars and reached Erie in time for the ringing up of the curtain.

It is said, although it may be a slander, that the good mothers of Tatnall County, in Georgia, are still knitting socks for the soldier boys, and that the veterans cast their Presidential votes every four years for Andrew Jackson. Tatnall is the furthest removed from the railroads of all the counties in Georgia, and ideas penetrate it slowly.

In a recent historical sketch of Ohio prepared by Mr. Henry Howe there are plates showing the boyhood home of Gen. Sheridan and the birthplace of the inventor Edison. The latter house is still standing in Milan, Erie County. It is a small frame cabin with apparently only two rooms, but a single wing added on in 1850, and the early home of the inventor is now more commodious.

# A QUEER IDENTIFICATION

ON,  
The Recovered Bank Bills.  
By Detective Beryl.

Stephen D. Beryl  
of the Metropolitan Police.  
(Concluded.)

THE evening of the second day Mr. Lewis Cass Ledyard, a prominent lawyer of the city, attended the opera at the Metropolitan Opera House. The usual brilliant assemblage of elegant ladies in rich toilet made a fine show in the boxes, where they talked and laughed with their gentlemen friends, faultlessly attired in claw-hammer coats and immaculate shirts. Seidl was conducting his big orchestra, and the German troupe, with its well-known stars, were giving one of Wagner's operas. Mr. Ledyard discovered a lady acquaintance in one of the boxes, a Mrs. Robinson. So between the acts he left his place and sauntered around to her box to have a little conversation with her. She was a resident of Thirty-fifth street.

They exchanged greetings, and passed some comment on the opera and the singers. Mrs. Robinson then said:

"Well, how is everything?"

"Everything is not quite as nice as it might be," said Mr. Ledyard, smiling. "We are having rather hard luck at the house for the past week. I've got no cook, and you know that is something of a misfortune. Then, yesterday, the dog got lost, and the day before that my wife had some money stolen from her carriage while she was making a call. So things might be a little better."

"Did you find the money?" inquired Mrs. Robinson.

"No. We haven't heard anything about it. It was not a very large sum fortunately."

"Where was it stolen?" Mrs. Robinson asked with some eagerness. She had been one of those on whom I had called and knew that there was a sum of money which had been stolen from a carriage on Thirty-fifth street and was awaiting an owner at Police Headquarters.

"I remember a curious incident of the adventure in price," said Mr. Ledyard. "While the old six-cent rate prevailed Daniel Drew was one of our customers and I always shaved him. He was one of the closest old men that I ever saw. He always wanted a close shave and never was known to give a tip. When the price of a shave was raised to ten cents it was good-bye, Daniel. We never saw him in the shop after that, and I never heard where he went for a shave. The extra four cents broke his back."

Another of Mr. Weakford's customers was the late William H. Vanderbilt. He says that when he first knew Mr. Vanderbilt, his father, the old Commodore, kept him hard at work down on the farm at Staten Island, for his elder brother, Cornelius, was the old man's favorite. William always used to come up to the city when he lived in Staten Island to get shaved and have his hair cut, and when he moved into town he had Mr. Weakford come to his house to perform these operations. He would have no one else, and always gave liberal tips.

Mr. Weakford thinks the tonsorial profession is deteriorating, so far at least as profits are concerned, and he often looks back with yearning eyes to the good old times when dollars were more plentiful with the Wall Street men than nickels are to-day.

HE SAUNTERED AROUND TO HER BOX.

"Why, it was on your street. My wife was visiting her father-in-law, and while she was inside some fellow must have reached into the carriage and taken the money, for she found it gone when she came out. The coachman had been driving the horses up and down at a walk, and had not remarked anything wrong. And my wife knew she had left the roll of bills in the carriage, and when she came out they were gone, and her pocket-book and one or two other little things. She had not meant to stay long and thought they were safe enough."

"Well, now, you go down to Inspector Byrnes and I shouldn't wonder if he had your money. He has some that was taken from a carriage on Thirty-fifth street two days ago, and it's very likely that it is yours."

Mrs. Robinson was quite pleased at the thought of helping Mr. Ledyard to recover his money. That gentleman acquainted them at Headquarters with his loss. The amount that had been taken from his carriage was the same as that which was found on Fox and which they had at the Central Station.

So Inspector Byrnes sent Detective-Sergeant McCauley up to Mr. Ledyard's to see if anything could be done towards identifying the money as his. Fortunately in this instance he was enabled to do so. It happened in this way:

The day before the robbery was committed Mr. Ledyard had drawn \$500 from the American Exchange National Bank. James A. Terhune, of the bank, had paid him the money by giving him an unbroken package from the United States Sub-Treasury. It was a bundle of one hundred five-dollar bills.

These bills were a B series, running consecutively from 3,149,700 up to 3,149,800. Out of this money Mr. Ledyard had given one bill to his coachman, No. 3,149,771. He had given seven more to his wife.

G. W. Marlow, of the Sub-Treasury, and James A. Terhune, of the American Exchange National Bank, testified to the package of bank bills which Mr. Ledyard had received, and the bill which he had given to his coachman was also used in evidence. The numbers missing in the bills which Mr. Ledyard had from 3,149,700 up to 3,149,800—were precisely the bill he had given to his coachman, Michael Faby, and the bills which I had found in Fox's pocket after following him from the carriage.

Fox's lawyer was Mr. Keller. Fox gave the name of Louis Bell. He pleaded guilty to grand larceny and did not try to make a fight with such damning evidence before him. This was his second offense and he had served time in the Elmira Reformatory and in the penitentiary. So he was liable to twice the penalty which would be inflicted for a first offense.

He got it. On the 3d of February he was sentenced by Recorder Smyth to ten years in the penitentiary. The rascal had managed to get away with the pocketbook and the trinkets, and never thought he could be convicted on a roll of bank bills. He knew very well the difficulty of identifying money, and had supposed he was safe with only the pocketbook and the trinkets.

But he was not. His lawyer had made a mistake. He had supposed that the pocketbook was a roll of bank bills, and that the trinkets were a roll of bank bills.

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nothing to do with it and knew nothing about it. So his pal went to trial. But he was convicted as an accomplice. He did the watching out to see that no officer was around.

He was convicted, and Judge Martine sent him to the Elmira Reformatory on Feb. 10, 1888.

The case was an interesting one on account of the ownership of the money being largely established through this unbroken package of bank-bills having been paid to Mr. Ledyard and the number of the stolen ones exactly fitting into the series of one hundred consecutive numbers which had been in the package.

It will be some time before George Fox is returned to the community to practise his fingers on other people's purses.

## BEST-KNOWN CITY BARBERS.

J. S. Weakford's Reminiscences of Old Days Downtown.

J. S. Weakford, a veteran barber of New street, can tell some interesting stories about the early history of his trade in this city, as he has now been engaged for the past thirty-six years in that business in the neighborhood of Wall street.

When he first came to this city in 1850 the only establishment that could be called a barber shop within a radius of a quarter of a mile from the present site of the Stock Exchange was a place kept by an Italian named Bologni in the old Merchants' Exchange, which he now the Custom-House.

He only had two chairs and his principal business was in keeping baths. In 1852 he sold out to Mr. Thafford, an Englishman, who established a regular barber shop, and who for twenty-five years afterwards was one of the best known characters in the street.

Mr. Weakford was one of his first assistants, and the place became popular under the new management that he says that he can remember seeing a line of people stretching away down William street as far as Hanover square, all with their tickets in hand waiting their turn for a shave, a hair-cut or a bath, as the case might be.

Before that time men used to shave themselves, but with Thafford new styles were introduced, and it was found necessary by those who wished to keep abreast of the times in respect to the cut of their hair and beard to employ a barber regularly.

There used to be more money in those days in the hair trade than there is now. The price was 15c. says Mr. Weakford. "When money became plentiful with the downtown folks the price was raised to 10 cents."

Up to the time when Uncle Sam bought the Merchants' Exchange, in 1862, and turned it into a custom-house, Thafford was the great and only downtown shop. After that nearly all of Thafford's assistants set up in business for themselves, and since then competition has been lively.

"I remember a curious incident of the adventure in price," says Mr. Weakford. "While the old six-cent rate prevailed Daniel Drew was one of our customers and I always shaved him. He was one of the closest old men that I ever saw. He always wanted a close shave and never was known to give a tip. When the price of a shave was raised to ten cents it was good-bye, Daniel. We never saw him in the shop after that, and I never heard where he went for a shave. The extra four cents broke his back."

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THE TRIUMPH OF COOKERY.

It must be to this, let us trust: M. Dugault will be merciful.

A Promising Young Man.

Society Dame—Who is that young man who is so attentive to you now?

Great Belle—He is a poet.

"More or less." And do you, the proud daughter of a hundred millionaires, propose to throw yourself away on a poor, miserable starving of a poet?

"Yes, he isn't that kind of a poet. He writes soap advertisements."

"My own, own daughter, after all. Ask him to dinner."

Deserved Her.

Young Man—Come to ask, sir, the hand of your daughter in marriage.

Old Man—Have you any viable means of support?

Young Man—Looking at the old gent—Yes, sir.

For what? asked the man who had watched the whole affair.

"For picking up the hat," returned the impert